

Clay Morgan was one of the best soccer players the East YMCA Little League team had. He worked out with the coach regularly and sometimes even after practice. Clay had tried to play sports all of his life but had never achieved any real fame. Then he tried out for the soccer team. He and the coach knew at once that Clay could be a star athlete if he really applied himself. Clay made a promise to himself and his teammates that he would try his best to win for the team.

"Clay, run with the ball and keep your eye on it! Get it in there for the Hawks," shouted Mr. Morgan. Clay skirted the traffic jam created by the team players until he reached the opposing goalie. Then he booted the ball into the net with all of his might! "Another point for the Hawks, thanks to Clay Morgan," announced the sportscaster into the microphone. The fans were going wild and Clay jumped up into the air, kicked his heels together, and let out a victory cry.

The game started up again. The Hawks tried to kick the ball in Clay's direction as often as they could. He was their fastest runner and they knew that Clay would lead them to another victory. Suddenly, Clay had the ball and also a clear path to the goal line. Everyone on the sidelines was cheering for Clay to race as fast as he could when he abruptly collided with a member of the opposite team!

Clay and the other boy butted heads together like two rams, then bounced in opposite directions and lay on the ground. The other player sat up, shook his head as if he were trying to clear bats out of it, and then stood up. "Ohhhh, my head hurts soooo bad," moaned Clay. When he tried to sit up, blood rushed from his nose and he fainted.

"Clay, let me help you up and we will take you to the hospital. I think you may have broken your nose," said Mr. Morgan. It appeared

that he had made a good guess as to Clay's injury because the doctor in the emergency room confirmed that the nose was broken, and he set it with bandages. Clay was so depressed when the doctor said that he could not play soccer for the rest of the season. Then Mr. Morgan cheered him by saying, "If you cannot play, then you will be the ugliest cheerleader on the sidelines that the Hawks have ever had!"

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